

**SLIDE PRESENTATION ON
ARTHUR AND TERESA HOLLEY MANWARING
(Nov. 1979)**

This slide presentation is on the life of Arthur and Teresa Holley Manwaring who are seen at the left when they were about 43 years of age. The man at the top is Teresa's father, Jim Holley, and below him is his wife, Emma Holley. They are my grandparents and great-grandparents to all of you older cousins. Jim Holley was born in England and his family came to America when he was two years old. A new baby died on the way to Utah where they arrive with a company of saints three days before Christmas. He was the oldest of the 12 children born to his parents. His father homesteaded 160 acres of land up Hobbie Creek Canyon and he and his Dad had a cave dug in the mountain in which they camped. It had just a piece of canvas for a door. One time, his father left Jim there alone while he went into town, 7 miles away for the night. Ten-year-old Jim heard the wolves howling and thought about the mountain lions and bears around, and as it began to get dark, he got so frightened, he walked the seven miles to town, barefooted. He never owned any new shoes until he was 18 years old and earned enough money to buy his own. He worked for a wagon freighting company and saved \$400 and when he was 26 years old, he married Emma Isaacs of Spanish Fork who was a telegraph operator and 24 years old.

They had six boys and two girls. We see them here in front of the four room house they bought in Mapleton with 20 acres of land. Later they bought Jim's father's land in Hobbie Creek Canyon so they had plenty of work for their children. The father would gather them all together each night and say "Now this is what we are going to do tomorrow." The mother and the girls helped in the big orchard with the apples and cherries and the boys helped with the sheep and cattle, and raised lots of hay.

Emma, the mother is shown here (with the buttons on her coat) with a friend. She was sick a lot and the girls had to stay out of school a lot to help her, and the boys were always anxious to stay out of school to help on the farm. Emma was a cute, little woman who loved jewelry of all kinds and liked to fix herself up. She played the organ and the children played guitars and harmonicas and enjoyed lots of singing around the organ in the mornings and evenings before and after chores.

Here is a later picture of her dressed for church.

The fourth child born to Jim and Emma Holley was a girl named Teresa. She was often the cook for the large family as they worked on the farm. Her only sister was Hatsie, three years younger.

This is Herbert Manwaring, also a farmer in Mapleton. His seven sons attended school with the Holley children. This family was quite poor and the mother was sick a lot so the boys always had to do their share of the housework. Mrs. Manwaring baked eight loaves of bread every other day for her family. The Manwaring boys were not organized for work quite as much as the Holley boys. They were more for education and were staunch church goers. They all loved to sing and play harmonicas and dance, and were good athletes. (don't change slides)

Herbert's wife was Clarissa Wilkins (we will have to get a pict.). Their oldest son was Hyrum Manwaring. He had to stay out of school so much to help his mother that he was still in the 5th grade when other kids his age had graduated from the 8th grade. But a teacher helped him to catch up and graduate. He milked 20 cows by hand night and morning to make enough money to keep himself in school, and worked on the railroad on weekends to get through college. After serving his mission, he married and taught school and eventually became president of Ricks College at Rexburg. The Manwaring boys took turns going on their missions and all of the brothers helped to keep each one out.

The Manwaring's 5th son was named Arthur. Arthur was attending the BYU academy when he received his mission call to Australia. Just before he was to leave, he got another letter telling him his mission had been changed to England, and he would leave in another month.

Arthur liked that cute Teresa Holley and they went to church and to dances together a lot. Since he had another month to wait, he asked Teresa if she would marry him before he left. They talked to her father, Jim Holley and he said he thought it would be all right.

So they married. They were both 21 ½ years old.

Six days later, Arthur left for England and was gone two years.

Here he is pictured with one of his companions.

This postcard came to relatives to inform them that Arthur would be home for Christmas of the year 1909. My husband, Reed Anderson, was two months old in Shelley, at that time.

While Arthur was gone, Teresa clerked in a store in town, took piano lessons and saved her money to buy a piano sometime. She memorized many beautiful piano solos and remembered them all of her life, and could still play them when she died at the age of 81 years.

And so began another chapter in the life of Arthur and Teresa Manwaring, parents of Aunt Marie, Uncle Holley, Aunt Wanda, Uncle Basil, Uncle Rondo, and Aunt Lorraine. They both worked in Bingham Canyon – she as a cook and he in the copper mines, for three months. And then the Manwaring family moved to Blackfoot, Idaho where they had purchased a farm at Groveland. So ended the first chapter in the life of Arthur and Teresa.

This little two-room house was the first home for Arthur and Teresa. There were already two houses on this 200 acre farm, and the Manwaring 4 brothers built two more. Arthur built a big kitchen on the south part of this house and a front and back porch. They painted it blue and white and planted a big lawn around it and trees all through the yard.

Here is Arthur as the young farmer with his wife, Teresa in the front and Aunt Hatsie and baby with them. I (Marie) am their oldest child but I was not born until after they had lived here four years. During this time, Teresa, your grandmother and great grandmother, was the mutual president (for two years).

This is the kind of a plow the farmers used then. Arthur had a team of big black work horses. They were named Cap and Bird. He could turn them loose and they would go just where he wanted them to, according to the directions he called to them “Gee” for turn right, and “Haw” for turn left.

This is Arthur in their little single buggy. I can remember riding in it. I was very small and I remember distinctly waking from a nap and my mother heating the curling irons in the top of their kerosene lamp and curling my hair as I sat on the dresser. Then my parents and me and the baby, Holley (Uncle Holley took off for Saturday evening in town three miles away with the horse going at a fast trot. The stores stayed open until 10 p.m.

This picture is of our Uncle Glenn, my mother’s youngest brother, and his family while they were visiting from Utah. He is still living in the old Jim Holley home in Mapleton which they have modernized beautifully. He is 82 years old and the only one of his brothers and sisters left in this world. You can see how the Manwaring’s little home in Groveland is now covered all across the front by a beautiful vine. (get another slide here)

Arthur and Teresa now have four children: Marie, Wanda, Holley and Basil in the little car. During these years, my mother spent her money for a new piano from traveling salesman who came thru. We separated our milk and from the cream mother made butter by the pound, each one wrapped in a wax paper with her name and address on it. We had chickens and each Saturday it was my job to call the two grocery store in Blackfoot and see which one was paying the most for eggs. We traded the butter and eggs for groceries from the stores.

Here are Holley, Wanda and Marie again. I remember my folks had a Rook party every year and the next morning we got to have the leftover ice cream for breakfast. We had a gas motor for the pump which had to be cranked to start it and one time it kicked, and the crank flew up and hit my mother right on the bridge of her nose, raising a big bump. She was a good seamstress and a good home-remedy doctor. She had long hair about the same color as her namesake, cousin Teresa Manwaring _____. [note from Beth – I assume this is Basil’s girl, Teresa]. I have often sat behind her and brushed it when it hung below her waist. She would twist it up and pile it high on her head, as did all the other ladies. She finally cut it, as became the style, when Aunt Lorraine was a baby.

Here are Arthur and Teresa standing in the big swing he made for us. They lived on this farm in Groveland for 14 years. Arthur farmed and always milked cows and raised sheep for a couple of years. Their place was not covered with tall trees, there was a big barn in back, and a big potato cellar. We used

to have Indians come looking for jobs thinning beets and picking up spuds. South of the house a ways was a nice little canal about waist deep to us, with clear water. Elwood and Leonard and Fred Manwaring lived by it and there was a pond to the side of it which was usually warm and that is where all the neighbor kids swam every day in summer. My folks were asked to sing together on many programs for funerals. My Dad was asked to speak at many places and I remember going to Riverside with him once where he was the speaker at their eighth grade graduation. Both of them were choristers. Dad was always in demand as a teacher, and Mother was a Primary president for five years. Daddy used to get up early in the mornings and study, and he loved to read, and to read out loud to us.

Arthur ran for County assessor and won out, so he drove in our little "Baby Overland" car (no windows) into Blackfoot each day for two years to work, besides milking his cows and running the farm. Things I remember about him were that he always whistled as he worked, he built a nice buffet while we were quarantined with the measles when I was three years old. I can remember playing inside of it and the lovely smell of new wood. Out in the field one time, he built me a replica of the Salt Lake Temple out of wet sand and told me about being married there. Reed and I were later married in the same temple, in the same room. Daddy was an inventor and was always trying to figure out a better way and a better tool. He tried to teach my mother to drive the car, but she ran us off the road one time and never did enjoy driving.

Now Arthur and Teresa decided they had better move from the farm into Blackfoot. About this time, Uncle Rondo was born on the 26th of March 1924. And so the sun set on the second chapter of the life of Arthur and Teresa – my parents.

That same spring we moved into this house in Blackfoot. There had been a fire in it and the roof was partly burned out. Daddy and our neighbors tore off the burned shingles and lumber and repaired it and we moved in. It was very spacious compared to our little house and mother could hardly get used to having the children all in rooms away from her bedroom. School had not let out and Holley and Wanda and I were all attending at Groveland. Daddy bought us a two-wheeled cart, like you see in the horse races, and our pony, old Dick, was hitched to it. Every morning we rode three miles out to Groveland to school for about six weeks. Once he tipped us over and ran away, but we got him called back.

This is the big house next to our new home. Mr. and Mrs. Jackson lived there and were our good neighbors. I used to work for her cleaning.

This picture shows Daddy and other workers on the steps of the Blackfoot courthouse.

Here is one of Daddy, on left, and Roscoe Gardner, his assistant. Daddy loved his job in the Assessors office and he drew many county maps which were in use there for many years after he left. He was assessor for 8 years.

Daddy was a clown and liked to have fun and play jokes. At Halloween he used to catch the pranksters and scare them or tie them up in the cellar. Here he is acting like he is having a fainting spell. He used to pull all kinds of funny faces for the kids to make them laugh.

We are now living in the first ward in Blackfoot. First we went to church in a large recreation hall above the now J.C. Penney store. Then we held meetings in an old mortuary. Then our ward built this nice church house which still stands near the post office. President Heber J. Grant came and dedicated it.

Across the road from our new home was a farming plot of several acres and Daddy rented and farmed it to raise hay for our six or eight milk cows. Here we are hauling the hay.

The milk from the cows was bottled and delivered around town by Holley in the little two wheeled horse cart we used to ride to school in. They said they knew when he was coming as he was always whistling.

Here are Arthur and Teresa, my parents, on the hay mower – of which they have no such thing anymore.

My mother was in a play put on by the first ward one time and she was the negro mammy. She was great, and we all had to do extra home duties so she could go to her practices.

Up the railroad track a ways from our home was a little ditch and in the summer it overflowed and filled a pond alongside the railroad track. Here is where we used to swim.

Of course, the Manwarings had another child now – little Lorraine. We thought she was the cutest baby ever. She was born in 1926 when I was 13 years old. The family had now acquired two son-in-laws, Reed Anderson and Bish Jorgensen, and a daughter-in-law, Aunt Eva. [note by Beth: I think my mother was a little confused in time here. I really don't think that she was married in 1926 when she was 13 years old as this paragraph implies.]

Here we are again on our back steps: Rondo, Marie, Daddy and Mother, Lorraine and Wanda.

Aunt Wanda is missing from this picture of Mother and Dad in the 1930s. From the left are Rondo, Holley, Basil, Daddy, Mom, Marie and Lorraine.

This is our favorite picture of Mom and Dad in the depression years of the 1930s. This striped coat Mom always has on was originally Wand's, but Mom wore it out for her.

My Dad had been assessor for 8 years and then lost the election by a small margin. This was the beginning of the great depression and during the 30s he was out of work a lot, and worked at many different jobs. Like all families, we had a hard time to get along. I had graduated from high school and had a job as a secretary in a garage and car sales business. I turned all of my checks right over to my mother. The last job Daddy had was selling cemetery lots in Fielding Memorial Park at Idaho Falls. He suffered a stroke in 1940 and was confined to our home where Mother took care of him for two years before he died. Basil was on his mission and had to come home after a year and help her.

Arthur Manwaring, our Dad, died on June 1st, 1942 when he was 56 years old, which is about the same age Uncle Basil was when he died. Basil and Edna were married two weeks after Daddy died. Daddy always said the Manwarings were good people. They had lots of "stick-to-it-iveness," and if they had all had better "self-starters," they would have been great. He always felt like he would make his mark in life, maybe in his sixties, so it was sad to see his frustration and deterioration after his stroke. But it was gratifying to see Mother's love and devotion to him during his illness.

This is not the best picture of our mother. But she lived in the same house until her death, also in this house. After Daddy died, Mother worked in the J.C. Penney store for six years. Rondo served in the Navy and then Mom sent him on a mission, and also Kept Lorraine in college at Logan. She worked at Penneys until three years past the retirement age, then she worked in other businesses after that. So she would be older than I am at that time, and still working.

Here is Mom. Wanda is on her left and I and Lorraine on the right. The boys from left are Holley, Basil and Rondo.

Here we are again.

Our mother, Grandma Teresa, and her three daughters (a little younger while Wanda and I were still working in Blackfoot).

Here is what those three girls grew up to be. Where are the boys??? Our mother, Teresa, was a widow for 25 years and was a joy and a help to us all and our children. She always used to be here with us at Thanksgiving.

And so the sun set on the second chapter of Arthur and Teresa's life when our Mother, Teresa, died 12 years ago at the age of 81. She did not seem old to us. She was not sick very long either.

She left us a gold mine of philosophical sayings about life, and beautiful memories of an outstanding woman we all hope to be like. She gave us each our background of music, and taught us to make the best of whatever comes to us. They both taught us faith in God and faith in prayer. Daddy left us a heritage of a love of fun and a love of music and dance; a love of the gospel of Jesus Christ; a love of books and the continual desire to improve ourselves, which we hope we never lose.

THANKS, MOM AND DAD